



A Fawcett Publication

NO. 63

APRIL

# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES  
10¢



*In this issue*

**CAPTAIN  
MARVEL**

**"INDIAN  
CHIEF"**



"A snack for now...snaps  
for later!"

What a story snapshots tell! And how easy to  
snap those pictures of fun...even indoors (with flash equipment)...when  
you use Kodak Verichrome Film! You press the button —  
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film, by far.  
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film...the film in the familiar yellow box



7-11 points to the 11-11  
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Kodak

KODAK IS A TRADE MARK



# Captain MARVEL

and the WORLD OF TOMORROW



WHAT WILL THE WORLD OF TOMORROW BE LIKE? IT DOESN'T REQUIRE THE WISDOM OF A PROPHET, OR THE WILD IMAGINATION OF A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER TO DISCOVER THE ANSWER! FOR THE WORLD OF TOMORROW IS BEING BUILT BY THE GENIUS OF MEN LIVING TODAY!

IN THE OFFICES OF PUDGET AND KEDDIE, ARCHITECTS, YOUNG FRANK JACOBS APPROACHES THE DOOR TO HIS EMPLOYER'S OFFICE, FULL OF DOUBT AND INDECISION!



AND YOU EXAMINED THE BLUEPRINTS I MADE FOR THE HOUSING PROJECT, MR PUDGET?



I SAID, INDEED, MR JACOBS? I MUST SAY YOU ARE GIFTED WITH A MOST WILD AND UNUSUAL IMAGINATION!

IN FACT, YOUR BLUEPRINTS SHOULD BE USED AS A TEXTBOOK FOR YOUNG ARCHITECTS! IF YOU'D TEACH THEM HOW NOT TO USE THEIR IMAGINATIONS!



IN A WORD, JACOB, THESE ARE THE MOST FANTASTIC, IMPOSSIBLE PLANS FOR A HOUSING PROJECT THAT I'VE EVER SEEN!

BUT I'VE PROVIDED EVERY COMFORT FOR THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIVE IN THESE HOUSES! PARKS, AND GARDENS, WIDE STREETS AND...



LET'S NOT ARGUE, JACOB! I'VE HAD MUCH MORE EXPERIENCE AS AN ARCHITECT THAN YOU! I TELL YOU, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THOSE BLUEPRINTS!

DOES THAT NECESSARILY MEAN THAT THEY'RE BAD?



ENOUGH! EVEN IF YOUR BLUEPRINTS WERE ACCEPTABLE, THE CONTRACTS FOR THE CHANCELLOR HOUSING PROJECT ARE CERTAIN TO GO TO THE PUBLIC ARCHITECTURAL FIRM!



GET BACK TO YOUR OWN WORK AS A DRAFTSMAN! LEAVE THE IMPORTANT WORK TO MATURE, RESPONSIBLE MEN!

I'M GETTING, MR. FUGGET! I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN GET MY PLANS ACCEPTED, EVEN IF IT MEANS DISREGARDING YOUR ADVICE!



STUBBORN YOUNG FOOL! HE WON'T LISTEN TO OLDER AND WISER MEN! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!



SOME TIME LATER, BILLY BRATSON IS GIVING AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON CRIME AND ITS PREVENTION

THIS SHOWS CAPTAIN MARVEL WHEN HE CAPTURED THE DESPERADO GANG!



THESE CRIMINALS STOLE ALMOST  
A MILLION DOLLARS BEFORE  
THEY WERE FINALLY CAUGHT!  
BUT ALL THIS MONEY HAS  
BEEN AWAYED!



EVERY MEMBER OF THE DESPERADO GANG WAS  
BORN AND RAISED IN THE SLUMS! HE  
LEARNED THE WAYS OF CRIME EARLY AND IT  
IS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE GROW UP TO  
BE A CRIMINAL!



WHAT IS THE ANSWER?  
MORE AND BETTER  
HOUSING! MORE PARKS  
AND PLAYGROUNDS!  
LET'S GIVE CHILDREN A  
CHANCE TO GROW UP  
TO BECOME UPRIGHT,  
HONEST CITIZENS!



**WATER...** I ENJOYED YOUR  
LECTURE, BILLY!  
I'VE DRAWN UP PLANS FOR  
JUST THE SORT OF HOUSING  
PROJECT YOU WERE TALKING  
ABOUT! WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO COME TO MY PLACE  
AND SEE THEM?



I'D BE  
DELIGHTED!

**IN JAMES' APARTMENT...**

I'VE NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE THIS!  
IT LOOKS  
MAGNIFICENT!  
TO ME, MR.  
JAMES!

I PLANNED TO  
SUBMIT THREE  
BLUEPRINTS TO  
THE HOUSING  
BOARD! BUT I CAN'T  
EVEN GET A HEARING  
BECAUSE I'M NOT A  
RECOGNIZED ARCHITECT!



I KNOW THE DIRECTOR OF  
THE BOARD, MR. JAMES!  
I BELIEVE IN YOUR  
PLANS, AND I'LL SEE  
TO IT THAT YOU GET  
A HEARING!

I-I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO THANK  
YOU, BILLY!

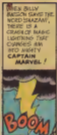


**SOON, IN THE OFFICE OF PUBLIC ARCHITECTS**

BOSS, I JUST HEARD BAD  
NEWS! SOMEBODY'S  
MUSCLED IN ON THE  
CANCELLOR'S HOUSING  
JOB!

HEY NOW, DON'T  
DARE! EVERY  
FIRM IN THE CITY  
KNOWS THAT WE'VE  
GOT THAT SEWED  
UP!









IN THE OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF HOUSING ...



YOUR ORIGINAL BLUEPRINTS WERE STOLEN, SIR? WE CAN'T GIVE A FINAL APPROVAL WITHOUT SEEING THEM / BUT IF YOU CAN GIVE US A ROUGH IDEA ...

WHY USE OF COURSE / I'LL MAKE A SKETCH!



HOW IS THIS?

PREPOSTEROUS! IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?



LET ME SEE IT! (Gulp!)



MR. JAMES IS STILL OBVIOUSLY BADLY HURT / THIS ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE THE BLUEPRINTS I SAW!

I SAID IT WAS NO USE TALKING TO THIS CRAZY FELLOW / NOW I'VE SOME YOU'RE SATISFIED / THE CONTRACT SHOULD GO TO PUBLIC---AND NO ONE ELSE!



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M AFRAID I MUST REFUSE THE APPLICATION / SINCE PUBLIC IS THE ONLY OTHER FIRM TO HAVE SUBMITTED A PLAN, I SHALL AWARD THE CONTRACT TO THEM!



I'M TAKING YOU HOME, AND LET YOU REST AWHILE, JAMES! THEN I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE BLUEPRINTS! PERHAPS IT ISN'T TOO LATE, EVEN NOW, IF I WORK FAST!



THE HOUSING DIRECTOR UNWITTINGLY GAVE ME A VALUABLE CLUE / I'LL FOLLOW IT UP!

PUBLIC SUBMITTED THE ONLY OTHER BID / THEREFORE, PUBLIC IS THE ONLY FIRM THAT COULD GAIN FROM STEALING JARVIS' BLUEPRINTS / I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THEM!



JARVIS...

THE CONTRACTS YOURS, BOSS / I RAISED A TERRIFIC ROW, AND FORCED THE DIRECTOR'S HAND!

GOOD WORK!



PRETTY SMART, PLANTING ONE OF MY OWN MEN ON THE HOUSING BOARD / IT'S NO WONDER PUBLIC ENDS UP WITH THE FATTEST BUILDING CONTRACTS! Huh-huh!



NOW I'LL JUST TEAR UP JARVIS' BLUEPRINTS, AND....

IF YOU DO, I'LL TEAR YOUR HEAD RIGHT OFF YOUR SHOULDERS!



CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU - YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, YOU CROOK! YOU'RE READING STRAIGHT FOR THE NEAREST JAIL!



NO! NO! DON'T HIT HIM! IT'S USELESS!

KLUNK!



I'M GLAD HE DID IT! IT SAVED ME THE EXCUSE I NEEDED --- TO DO THIS!

WRECKX!



CAPT. MARVEL



DON'T HURRY AWAY! YOU BELONG WITH THIS GANG!



START TALKING! MAKE A FULL CONFESSION TO THE HORRING DESTRUCTION! TELL HIM THAT PEOPLE HAS JUST GONE OUT OF BUSINESS!

Y-Y-YES, S-S-SIR!



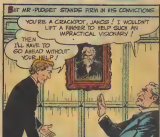
LATER... THE BOARD APPROVED YOUR PLANS, JAMES! THEY'RE A BIT RADICAL, BUT WE HAVE FAITH IN YOU!

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, GUY!



I CAN'T HELP BEING WORRIED THOUGH! BUILDING MATERIALS ARE SCARCER, AND I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO FINISH THE PROJECT IN TIME!

WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR OLD EMPLOYER, MR. FIDGET? MAYBE HE CAN HELP YOU!



BUT MR. FIDGET STANDS FIRM IN HIS CONVICTIONS.

YOU'RE A CRACKPOT, JAMES! I WOULDN'T LIFT A FINGER TO HELP SUCH AN IMPRACTICAL VISIONARY!

THEN I'LL HAVE TO GO AHEAD WITHOUT YOUR HELP!



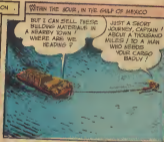
ONCE AGAIN, JAMES TURNS TO CAPTAIN MARVEL.

AS I UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM, THERE ARE BUILDING MATERIALS AVAILABLE, ONLY YOU CAN'T GET THEM SHIPPED TO YOU IN TIME!

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIDE OF IT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



WELL, I DO! JUST LEAVE THE DETAILS TO ME!



FROM EVERY PART OF THE COMPASS, CAPTAIN MARVEL OUTHERE KEEPED SUPPLYING ... AND THEN ...



CAPT. MARVEL

ADVERTISEMENT

"Ozzie"

COWLES

CHAMPION  
BASKETBALL  
COACH,  
UNIVERSITY  
OF MICHIGAN

WELCOME  
COACH!

HERE'S A  
TIP FOR ALL  
OUR TEAMS

COWLES CAME TO  
MICHIGAN LAST YEAR,  
BROUGHT WITH HIM ONE OF  
THE NATION'S BEST COACHING  
RECORDS. AT DARTMOUTH,  
HIS TEAMS WON SEVEN OUT  
OF EIGHT LEAGUE CHAMPION-  
SHIPS—QUALIFIED FOR  
3 NATIONAL COLLEGIATE  
TOURNAMENTS

IN HIS FIRST TWO COACHING JOBS (CARLETON  
COLLEGE AND WISCONSIN STATE TEACHERS)  
"OZZIE" COACHED ALL MAJOR SPORTS:  
BASKETBALL, FOOTBALL, AND BASEBALL

TASTE'S  
SWELL, TOO

A  
VERY IMPORTANT PART OF A  
PLAYER'S TRAINING PROGRAM  
IS A WELL-BALANCED BREAKFAST.  
SAYS "OZZIE" COWLES, "WHEATIES,  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE  
A REALLY NOURISHING DISH—  
YES, WHEATIES CERTAINLY  
DESERVES ITS NAME,  
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS!"

WHEATIES

**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**

Wholesome and Nutritious  
as Regulated by the  
General Mills, Inc.

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



SHORT SIGHTED



**CAPT. MARVEL**

ADVERTISEMENT

SEND  
NO MONEY  
AT HOME



ALL  
EVEN  
WITHOUT  
A CENT  
OF COST



MINIMUM  
PRICE  
WATCHES  
Fully  
Guaranteed



MINIMUM  
PRICE  
CAMERAS  
Guaranteed to take  
Five Prints in Color or Black

**BIG  
GUITAR**



SEND NO  
MONEY  
WE TRUST  
YOU

**NOTHING  
TO BUY**



**BOYS**



**BIG WOODEN  
WAGON**  
Billion Uses

SEND  
NO  
MONEY



BEST  
PUMP  
ACTION  
REPEATER  
AIR RIFLE

**32 CAL.  
RIFLE**



**SEND  
7 Jewel  
Movement**

**CHOICE OF THESE VALUABLE PREMIUMS  
GIVEN**

**SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU**

What price do you most want? You can have it without one cent of cost to you! Take your choice of such wonderful premiums on *What Watches, Dinky Air Rifles, Home Movie Projectors, Raylens, 32 Cal Rifles, Guitars, Camera Watches, or Big Cash Commissions*, all easily yours by selling U-C-A SALVE or 25c A BOX, and sending amount raised under premium wanted in Premium Plan Book sent you with Trial Order to start on trial.

**MOSE PRIZES IN CATALOG FOR SELLING 16 BOXES U-C-A SALVE AT 25c A BOX, SUCH AS CAMERAS**

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watch Design Compasses, Famous Waverley Brand Fountain Pen and Notching Pencil Sets, Leatherette Zippo Rifles, Telescopes, Ladies Combs, etc., U-C-A SALVE is easy to sell millions of boxes sold everywhere. Great Demand. No Risk. Just Mail Coupon today. We are Reliable. Get 25th year.

**SPECIAL—  
THIS BOOK SENT FREE  
ALONG WITH SALVE**



**U-C-A CO.  
CHICAGO 8, ILL.**

U-C-A Co. Dept. T Chicago 8, Ill.

Please send me Package Deal on trial, fifteen boxes of U-C-A Salve to sell at 25c a box. I will remit amount within 30 days, unless a premium or Big Cash Commission, as fully explained under premium desired in catalog sent with order postage paid in start. Also send right along with Salve "Bag of Tricks" shown above.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street No \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Office \_\_\_\_\_

Save 2c by filling in, printing and mailing this coupon on 1c Postcard with **PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.**

**BOYS-GIRLS  
CHOOSE YOUR PRIZES**

**— SEND NO MONEY! —**

U-C-A Salve comes in Prescription Type Medicine Box. Great for Chopped and Baby Sibs. Milk Borne. Chapsals etc. - send for Appra. card to Drug Stores

**SEND YOUR  
NAME AND  
ADDRESS**

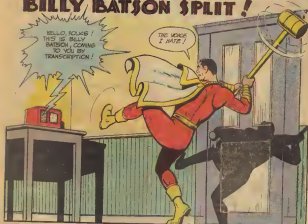
**No Risk!**



**MAIL  
COUPON  
Today**

**PRINT NAME AND  
ADDRESS PLAINLY**

# Captain MARVEL and BILLY BATSON SPLIT!



*Whizz*

BILLY, FOLKS!  
THIS IS BILLY  
BATSON, COMING  
TO YOU BY  
TRANSCRIPTION!

THE VOICE  
I HATE!



A REPORTER CALLS AT  
STATION WHIZ...

I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



BUT

WHAT?



YOU'RE JOKING,  
BILLY!

NO, I'M NOT!  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL MUST  
NEVER DARKEN  
MY DOOR  
AGAIN!

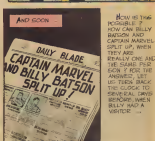
BILLY  
BATSON  
WFO  
WMA





BILLY WRESTLED WITH THE PROBLEM FOR MANY BARRING HOURS BEFORE HE FINALLY HIT UPON A PLAN!





I'M JACKIE GRASPER, OWNER OF STATION WEEW! LOOK, BILLY, YOU'RE A FAVORITE BOY NEWSCASTER! I WANT YOU TO WORK FOR ME! BUT WHO AND I'LL DOUBLE YOUR SALARY!

ME GRASPER, YOU HAVE A BAD REPUTATION! BESIDES, I LIKE MY JOB HERE!  
I'M NOT INTERESTED!  
I'VE BEEN FOR, TOO!  
WOULD BETTER ACCEPT MY OFFER!

THERE'S THE DOOR! GOOD-BY!  
YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU BRIBED ME OFF, KID!

AND GOON ...  
HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? HOW CAN BILLY BATSON AND CAPTAIN MARVEL SPLIT UP, WHEN THEY ARE REALLY ONE AND THE SAME PERSON? FOR THE ANSWER, LET US TURN BACK THE CLOCK TO SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE, WHEN BILLY HAD A VISITOR ...



SO CAPTAIN MARVEL AND BILLY BATSON HAVE SPILT UP / HAAA / IF ONLY I COULD HIRE CAPTAIN MARVEL!

YOU CAN! HERE I AM!



FROM NOW ON, BILLY AND I ARE DEADLY ENEMIES / HE'S REAL, HESSELY AND STARRON AND - OH, WHY DO YOU DO INTO THE SCORNO PEOPLE? CAN YOU SEE ME, MR GRASPER?

CAN I? WHOOFIE!



WHAT CAN I DO FIRST, BOSS?

FIRST, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON THE AIR! I'LL TYPE OUT THE SCRIPT FOR YOU!



(GULP) HOLY MILEY / WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO? THE SCRIPT IS... (GULP) BUT I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT! I'VE GOT TO WIN GRASPER'S CONFIDENCE!



HELLO, FOLKS! THIS IS CAPTAIN MARVEL, YOUR NEW BROADCASTER FROM STATION WXYZ / LISTEN, FOLKS! NEVER LISTEN TO BILLY BATSON / HE SAYS YOU NOTHING BUT DEVEL / TAKE IT FROM ME, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



OH, WHAT AN OCEAL!

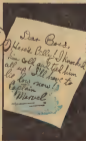
THAT WAS GREAT, CAPTAIN MARVEL! THAT JUST ABOUT BEING BILLY BATSON / BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA NOW!



I WANT YOU TO KIDNAP BILLY FOR ME / I'LL GIVE HIM ONE MORE CHANCE TO JOIN ME -- OR ELSE!

WHAT? KIDNAP BILLY?

CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL



WAKE UP, BOB!  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
ONE MORE  
CHANCE TO  
JOIN ME!

SH—ED—  
Gulp!



WILL YOU QUIT WHINE AND  
WORK FOR ME? HOD  
YOUR HEAD FOR YES!  
AND SWAGE IT FOR  
NO! WELL?



STILL BRAGG, SA? I'LL PAY  
YOU! I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO  
MY SECRET JAWWING  
TRANSMITTER  
NOW!



THIS IS A ONE WAY  
TRIP— FOR  
YOU!

MURKIN!  
HE'S TAKING ME TO  
THE SECRET TRANSMITTER!  
JUST WHAT I WANTED  
ALL ALONG!



HERE'S THE  
SECRET TRANSMITTER!  
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO  
KNOW! NOW TO  
CHANGE TO CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!



OH BOBLY! I CAN'T SAY MY WORD! THE  
ROPE TIGHTENED ON ME! I FORGOT  
THAT WATER ALWAYS MAKES A ROPE  
TIGHTEN! (GULP!) I'M REALLY  
TRAPPED NOW!

A QUARTLY SURPRISE CONFRONTS BILLY!



AND SOON... I'M GOING TO SEND OUT  
JAWWING STATION WIRE... AND  
AT THE SAME TIME, YOU'LL BE ELECTROCUTED!  
DOUBLE REVENGE, MY BOB! IT'LL ONLY TAKE  
A FEW MINUTES TO TUNE UP!



# OSCAR



## THE OFFICE BOY

FOLLOW THE SIGNS



I'D LIKE TO SEE THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THIS FIRM.

GO AHEAD!



GO AHEAD! HOW CAN I GO AHEAD? I DON'T KNOW WHERE HIS OFFICE IS!

OH, WHY DON'T YOU SAY SO?



JUST WALK ALONG THE CORRIDOR UNTIL YOU COME TO THE SIGN ON THE DOOR READING: "NO ADMITTANCE!"

WHAT DO I DO THEN?



GO THROUGH THE DOOR AND WALK UPSTAIRS TILL YOU SEE A SIGN! "KEEP OUT."

THEN WHAT?



KEEP GOING UNTIL YOU SEE THE SIGN! "SILENCE!"

AND THEN?



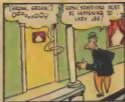
THEN YELL FOR HIM!



COUGH IT UP!







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# 3 IN 1 AIR PISTOL

Rush Your Order

Sensational Value!

Sorry, No C.O.D.'s At These Cash Prices

Five For Just 10¢

**FUN** for YOU Summer & Winter—Indoors & Outdoors



**\$3.49**  
3 for \$9.50

**SHOOTS REGULAR BB'S Hard Hitting Pellets & Steel Darts**

**SPORTSMAN JR. AIR PISTOL**

IT SHOOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, round pellets or steel darts. It has a great variety of size, shape, weight, work in killing power. You don't see it and you can't see it. Perfect of weight, range of 100-150 yds. you will be your own personal champion.

**Ruggedly Built, Full Size Gun, Modeled After Famous Targen Pistol**

A handy to hold and a wonder to performance. The gun, single action, magazine loaded, single shot. Easy loading and magazine loaded. Big power and it's built to stand the toughest use and abuse. First of its kind from the large air pistols and comes with a modified after feature built into the barrel. Special design for the large air pistols and comes with a modified after feature built into the barrel. Special design for the large air pistols and comes with a modified after feature built into the barrel.

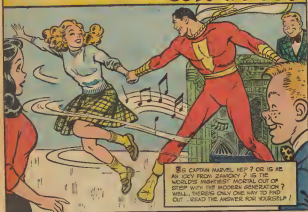
SPORTSMAN JR. 3-1/2" AIR PISTOL ONLY \$3.49 \$4.95 5 for \$16.95  
 5 for \$16.95  
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 25 for \$82.95  
 50 for \$165.95  
 100 for \$330.95  
 250 for \$829.95  
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JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, Dept. B-112 Detroit 7, Michigan

AMERICAN'S LEADING WEAPONS  
 DEALER FOR 30 YEARS

# Captain MARVEL

## CUTS A RUG!



IS CAPTAIN MARVEL HEY? OR IS HE AN ICY FROM ZAMOCNY? IS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL OUT OF STEP WITH THE MODERN GENERATION? WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT... READ THE ANSWER FOR YOURSELF!

ONE DAY, IN MR. MORRIS' OFFICE AT STATION WARE...



SEND ME BILLY BATSON AT ONCE! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!



YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?





THAT SOUNDS  
NICE!

ER... MY  
NEED, ELLEN, IS  
A VERY MODERN  
GIRL. SHE LOVES  
SWING, AND THAT BE-BOP  
MUSIC, AND SHE...  
ER... THINKS THAT I'M  
A BIT OF AN OLD  
FOGGY!

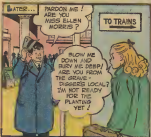
BUT THAT'S NOT MOST  
IMPORTANT! I'VE A  
BIG BUSINESS DEAL  
ON THE FIRE, WITH  
JAMES BARRETT ---  
THE REAL ESTATE  
TYCOON! I'M BUYING  
THE LAND SITE FOR  
A NEW WIRE  
TRANSMITTER!



MY NEED IS JUST THE TYPE THAT  
WOULD UPSET A SOUND, CONSERV-  
ATIVE TYPE, LIKE JAMES BARRETT!  
YOU MUST KEEP HER OUT OF THE  
WAY, BILLY! I'LL PAY ALL  
ENTERTAINMENT EXPENSES!



I'LL DO MY  
BEST, SIR!



LATER...

PARDON ME!  
ARE YOU  
MISS ELLEN  
MORRIS?

TO TRAINS

SHOW ME  
DOWN AND  
BURY ME DEEP!  
ARE YOU FROM  
THE GRAVE -  
DIGGERS LOCAL?  
I'M NOT READY  
FOR THE  
PLANTING  
YET!



BUT - BUT MR. MORRIS  
ASKED ME TO BE  
YOUR ESCORT!

DON'T BE A SIL, BIL!  
I DON'T DATE ANYBODY  
THAT WOULD A SHROUD  
YOU'RE NOT REP, PEP  
DO ME!



GO BACK TO HAUNTING  
CEMETERIES! I'LL JUST  
DROP IN ON RUFY OLD  
UNCLE STERLING ---  
IN PERSON!

SHE  
WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME,  
MAYBE CAPTAIN  
MARVEL WILL  
MAKE A BETTER  
IMPRESSION!

SHAZAM!



WHEN BILLY  
BATSON SAYS  
SHAZAM,  
THERE IS A  
CRASH OF  
MAGIC LIGHT-  
NING THAT  
CHANGES HIM  
INTO MURPHY  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!

POW!



JUST A MINUTE, MISS  
ELLEN! I'M TO  
BE YOUR NEW  
ESCORT!

IS THAT  
BEST, THREAT?  
WELL, YOU'VE  
GONE IMPROVEMENT  
OVER THAT OTHER  
DRIP, PEP!



GET THE GUEST GATHERING IN MR. MORRIS' HOME TO WICKI BLEN INVITES A FEW FRIENDS...

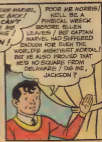




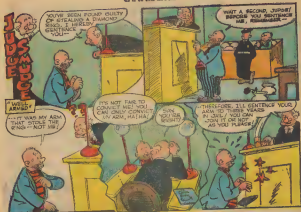




CAPT. MARVEL







**Danny's Dream** by S.P. Black



**Smith Brothers Cough Drops Help 3 Ways**

- Soothe throat pain
- Soothe raw, irritated membranes
- Help loosen phlegm

\* For coughs due to colds



# CAPT. KID

## RAKES IT IN



THREE SECONDS LATER:

RAY, MR. BROWN, HOW ABOUT LETTING ME RAKE THE LEAVES FOR YOU? I'LL DO IT CHEAPLY!



NOTHING DONE! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO RAKE UP LEAVES PROPERLY! JUST LOOK AT THE WAY YOU RAKED UP YOUR OWN LEAVES!



JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE, MR. BROWN. I'LL DO A PERFECT JOB!

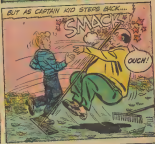
THE ANSWER IS NO! NOW GET OUT OF MY YARD!



BUT AS CAPTAIN KID STEPS BACK...

SMACK!

OUCH!



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID! I'LL HAVE TO GO RIGHT OVER TO THE DOCTOR!

SEE, I'M SORRY! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?



YES... DON'T BE HERE WHEN I GET BACK!



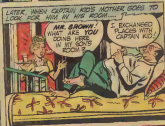
GOSH, I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO SHOW MR. BROWN I DIDN'T DO THAT DELIBERATELY!



CAPI. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL



WZNRW QURWV ZHEDNDQWVW QZQV VUZZQDNRW WZ ZRRV LQZQZQZQZ  
 NZQZQZ QZQZ WZNRW LU QZQV QZQV ZH VUZZQ ZH QZQV YZQZQV  
 QV QZQV QZQZ QZQV ZKZQZQV WZNRW WZNRW QZQZQZQZ  
 WZNRW QZ QZ QZ WZNRW QZQV QZ QZ QZQZ QZQV WZNRW QZQV

# THE ATOM DICTATOR

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By

Eando Binder

**I**N his one-man rocket ship, Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol slanted down for a landing on Phobos, the second moon of Mars. It was a small moon, hardly more than ten miles in diameter, and had a population of—one. One single man, a scientist by name of Dr. Elias Engle, had chosen to live on Phobos after setting up a scientific laboratory there.

But now this single inhabitant of Phobos was missing—or so the report had said which Jon Jarl picked up an hour before. The voice from headquarters had said—"Dr. Elias Engle, on Phobos, has not answered his visi-phones calls for the past three days. Nor did he report leaving. Investigate."

Jon landed his ship before the stone laboratory and strode into its air-conditioned interior. The door was not locked. Was Dr. Engle sick perhaps? Or had he died a lonely death? Jon expected to come upon his dead body as he went through the living quarters. Living alone like this he could easily have had a heart-stroke with no one to care for him.

But a few minutes later, Jon stood in the laboratory, puzzled. He had searched everywhere. The place was empty. Dr. Engle was gone! Had someone come and kidnapped him?

Jon stared curiously at some apparatus in the center of the laboratory. A huge overhead device shed a soft, purring light down on a tile bench which seemed bare. What strange experiments had the scientist been engaged in before he vanished?

Jon shrugged and was about to turn away, when a clicking noise arose. To the side another strange machine began working. A mechanical claw, holding a stylus, began to write a message on a moving tape! Jon read the words as they slowly unfolded.

"Attention!" the message on the tape said. "This is Dr. Engle! I don't know if anyone is watching at this moment, in my laboratory, but if so, I will explain where I am. I am not missing. I am right in this laboratory!"

Jon looked around surprised. In this laboratory? But where? There was not the smallest niche or place where a man could be hiding. Was this some kind of joke?

The moving tape went on, recording more words as the mechanical claw wrote. "Yes, I am right in this laboratory, even though you can't see me. Look at the tile table, and the rays which are shed down on it. Notice the tiny speck of silver dust on the center of the table."

Jon peered and saw it—a small sliver of bright metal, hardly bigger than a pin-head. But what was the scientist driving at . . . ?

The message went on. "I am in that speck of silver! You see, I have reduced my size and I am now down in the atom world of that bit of metal!"

Jon gaped aloud. Could it be true?

"The device overhead sheds down my new reducing ray, which contracts the space between molecules and causes any material object to shrink in size, smaller and smaller, till finally it reaches atomic proportions. I stepped under the ray three days ago. I've been living down in the atom universe for that time. I've discovered a whole new world down here! And intelligent people!"

Jon stared at the tiny fleck of silver. Did a man live down there, within its infinitesimal dimensions? Was there a miniature world there, and living people? It seemed impossible, incredible, fantastic!

But the words kept writing themselves out, on the moving tape. "By the way, I set up this tape-message machine, so as to have contact with the outer world. I'm sitting and writing all this, down in the atom world. Certain ray-impulses are sent out which motivate the big writing claw, duplicating what I write for anyone to read who happens to visit my laboratory. Now, let me tell some more about the people of the atom. I'm afraid they have a very evil civilization. They live under a dictatorship, and . . ."

**S**UDDENLY, the claw stopped writing.

Had something happened to Dr. Engle, down there in the remote atom world? Jon bit his lip, helplessly. What could he do? Only wait . . .

The words suddenly began again, in a hurried scrawl. "Help! I'm in trouble. Guards are going to seize me, and . . ."

## CAPT. MARVEL

Then the words stopped again. This time they did not resume for long minutes. Jon knew now that the scientist had been captured, down in the atom world. Captured by evil people of a dictatorship. Possibly to be tortured or executed.

But what could Jon Jarl do? How could he rescue a man who was invisibly small, beyond his reach? Suddenly, Jon's eyes narrowed. If the Reducing Ray had sent the scientist down to the atom world, it should do the same to him!

Jon hesitated, torn by indecision. It was his duty, as a space policeman, to help any human being in trouble, in the universe. But did that include going down to a tiny atom world?

**J**ON gritted his teeth and stepped under the Reducing Ray. His senses swam. Some strange force seemed to be squeezing his body, like a vise. He noticed everything getting larger. The laboratory around him became the castle of a giant. But it wasn't other things that were getting larger—he was getting smaller!

He could feel himself shrinking—shrinking. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. He had the pressure of mud to crawl on the tile table, before he was too small to reach it. Then, as he shrank to the size of a mouse, he ran toward the bit of silver. It became huge as he reached it, big as a house, then big as a moon. He stumbled toward it and suddenly he was falling through emptiness.

The bit of silver was now a mass of atoms and he was falling among them. One atom became larger and larger, and he landed on it with a thud. When he shook his head to clear it, he saw that the atom was now the size of a world.

The shrinking sensation stopped. Jon stood up. It was a queer world, with strange vegetation and what seemed to be three blazing suns overhead. No doubt they were protons, or some other part of this tiny subatomic universe. The atom world, with its protons, electrons and neutrons and such, was a solar system in miniature.

Was this the right atom world? What if there were dozens more, and Jon had hit the wrong one? But Jon had a feeling that he had followed the same procedure as the scientist, and had therefore reached the same precise microcosmic world.

He was sure of it a moment later when he heard footsteps. Crouching behind low growths, Jon saw a half dozen unformed creatures marching by. Among them walked a man who could only be Dr. Engle, of Earth! He looked bruised, as though he had been beaten. His captors had brutal faces, scaly bodies, and four legs. The peo-

ple of the atom were obviously a cruel arrogant race.

One of the guards spoke to Dr. Engle. "So you have come from the universe of which our world is but an atom? Dictator Gragg will want to hear of this. We have conquered and wiped out all other people on our world. We need new worlds to conquer. You will show us how to reach your world!"

Listening, Jon turned cold. A race of warlike creatures swearing up from the atom to conquer Earth! It must not happen.

Jon drew his two ray guns and leaped out. "Duck, Dr. Engle!" he yelled, and opened fire.

Or he tried to open fire. His ray guns only checked harmlessly. There were new laws of physics here!

Jon now waded into them with his only other weapon—his two bare fists. The density of his compressed body seemed to give him terrific power. It took exactly six blows to flatten the six alien guards.

The scientist now grabbed Jon's hand and began running. "Where are we running to?" Jon asked. "No matter where we run we'll still be on the enemy world!" Jon gave out a startled gasp. "We're trapped on this atom world. I didn't even stop to think of it before, but we have no way to get back to our own world!"

"Yes, we have," contradicted the scientist. He stopped at the spot where Jon had first landed. "You see, my machine is set to go into reverse. Instead of a Reducing Ray, it will shoot down an Enlarging Ray. We won't have to wait long!"

The enlarging process was the exact reverse of the reducing ordeal. The atom world shrank under them. They floated among warbling bodies which became smaller and finally formed a huge mountain of silver. Then the mountain dwindled and became a speck—and the two men stared at it as it lay on the tile table.

**J**ON'S face was grave. "I wish you hadn't gone down to the atom world, Dr. Engle. You gave those people the thought of coming up and conquering our world. If they ever discover the principle of the Enlarging Ray, and send huge armies . . ."

"They won't," promised the scientist, as he tossed a small hammer. He brought it down on the bit of silver, smashing it flat.

"If only," murmured Jon Jarl, "all other dictators and evil races could be so easily destroyed!"

THE END

Another starring **JON JARL** adventure will appear next month in **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!**

**WISEGUY**  
  
**WALLY**  
*MAKES US SICK!*

HEY, JACK!  
WAIT!



PREW! I'M GLAD  
I CAUGHT UP  
WITH YOU!

WHY?  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?



WAIT A MOMENT  
WHILE I GET  
MY BREATH!

C'MON, WALLY!  
YOU'VE GOT ME  
ANXIOUS! WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
TO TELL ME?



ALL RIGHT, BUT  
WILL YOU PROMISE  
TO KEEP CONTROL  
OF YOURSELF?

UH, UH, IT  
MUST REALLY  
BE BAD NEWS!



YES, IT IS!  
DO YOU KNOW WHO'S  
IN THE HOSPITAL?

NO!  
WHO?



SICK PEOPLE!  
HA, HA!





CAPT. MARVEL

# Captain MARVEL INDIAN CHIEF!



HELLO, FOLKS! THIS IS BILLY BATSON, YOUR BOY NEWS-CASTER! BUT I'M NOT IN THE HOME STUDIOS OF SEASON WEEK!



I'M OUT WEST AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW HIDDEN VALLEY RESERVATION FOR INDIANS! THE TERRITORY WAS UNEXPLORED TILL RECENTLY, AND NOW IT HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE INDIANS!







RIGHT ON YOUR CROOKED  
JAW, BIG OYEF!

BAM!



A STARTLING SURPRISE COMES TO CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!

HOLY MOLEY! THESE MEN AREN'T  
SQUAWKS AT ALL!



WHAT A REVERSAL  
OF HISTORY THIS IS!  
WILD WHITE MEN  
ATTACKING A VILLAGE  
OF CIVILIZED  
INDIANS!



WELL, I'VE DRIVEN THEM  
OFF ANYWAY!

MAN IN  
RED SUIT HEAP  
BAD MEDICINE!  
GAF TO  
KILLS!



ANY IDEA WHO  
THOSE RAIDERS  
ARE? OR  
WHERE THEY  
CAME FROM?

WE HAVEN'T  
THE  
SLIGHTEST  
IDEA,  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!



I'M GOING TO GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THIS!  
I'LL FOLLOW  
THEM!



INSTEAD OF OVERTAKING THEM,  
I'LL JUST FOLLOW SECRETLY!  
I WANT TO SEE THEIR  
CAMP OR VILLAGE!



HERE'S THEIR CAMP! HOLY MOLEY!  
IT'S JUST LIKE AN OLD-TIME INDIAN  
VILLAGE, TERESS AND ALL!  
BUT THEY'RE TWO HUNDRED  
YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES!  
HOW COULD THIS  
HAPPEN?



I WANT TO FIND OUT  
MORE, BUT IF I ENTER  
THE VILLAGE, THEY'LL  
ATTACK RIGHT AWAY!  
THIS IS A JOB FOR  
BILLY!  
**SHAZAM!**



**BOOM!**



THESE PEOPLE, WHO  
ARE NOT INDIANS, HAVE  
ADOPTED ALL THE ANCIENT  
CUSTOMS AND WAYS OF THE  
REDMAN! HOW DID IT  
ALL COME  
ABOUT?



BUT A PRAVIL SPIES BILLY  
WHO ARE YOU,  
BOY?  
STOP!  
ULPS!  
I'LL BE  
CAUGHT!



GUESS I'D BETTER  
SAY SHAZ...  
**HEY!**



WHERE BOY GO?  
MAYBE MY EYES PLAY  
ME TRICKS! MAYBE  
HE NO GOOD BOY AT  
ALL! UGH!



UH... THANKS!  
YOU SAVED  
ME! WHO  
ARE YOU?

I'M PRINCESS PHYLLIS!  
DAUGHTER OF BIG CHIEF  
CROOKED JAW! I NOT  
WANT YOU CAUGHT  
AND MAYBE  
KILLED!



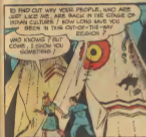
HERE! YOU WEAR OUR CLOTHES! THEN YOU FREE FOR ONE OF US!

Great! GOOD IDEA!



HOW'S THIS?

GOOD! NOW YOU FREE FROM CAPTURE! BUT WHY YOU COME TO OUR VILLAGE?



TO FIND OUT WHY YOUR PEOPLE, WHO ARE JUST LIKE ME, ARE BACK IN THE STAGE OF INDIAN CULTURE! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY REGION?

WHO KNOWS? BUT COME, I SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



I GUESS MY DISGUISE IS OKAY! NOBODY IS GOSSIPING ME!

THIS WAY!



CAN YOU READ ANCIENT WRITING?

NO!Y MULEY!

PIEPIER CRAP  
SOMEONE WALKS  
TALKS IN THE  
WILDERNESS! IN FRONT  
AND CONSIDER TO WORK  
CONVINCE I WILL VISIT  
SOMEONE! THE HISTORY!  
DORRILL STENO



HOW I GET IT! A BAND OF PIONEERS GOT LOST HERE, ALMOST TWO CENTURIES AGO! SURROUNDED BY WILDERNESS, THEY FORGOT CIVILIZATION AND ADOPTED THE LIFE OF THE INDIANS! YOUR PEOPLE HAVE STAYED IN THAT PRIMITIVE STAGE EVER SINCE!



BUT YOU PEOPLE REALLY BELONGS WITH US, IN MODERN CIVILIZATION...

MY FATHER, CHIEF CROOKED JAW, WOULD NEVER CONSENT! HE WILL NOT LEAD US TO YOUR WORLD!



CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL



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SWEATS IT OUT



HEY, PAUL! IT'S PRETTY COLD TODAY!



YOU OUGHT TO BE WEARING AN OVERCOAT!

I HAVEN'T GOT ONE

WELL, YOU OUGHT TO GO BUY ONE! AFTER ALL... I'VE SEEN YOUR WIFE WALKING AROUND LATELY WITH A NEW FUR COAT!



I KNOW, THAT'S WHY I DON'T NEED A COAT MYSELF.

???



DON'T UNDERSTAND. IF YOUR WIFE HAS A NEW FUR COAT, WHY DON'T YOU NEED AN OVERCOAT?

BECAUSE WHEN I THINK...



...OF HOW MUCH THAT FUR COAT COSTS, I START PERSPIRING!

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